

IN SANTA FE

**Santa Fe, New Mexico

when I come back to the smell of pinon
the film of sage
the flat blue overhead
I unfold for miles,
uninterrupted.

In Sena Plaza a *caballero* strums
behind a fountain
on a cracked stone pedestal,
Mi corazon abierto
wafts through the air.
A woman nods from a bench
across the courtyard,
pink day lilies sway.

It's as if I've stepped into a Fauve painting
where heat waves of color shimmer
with the ache of the guitar
orange hollyhocks,
clay pots of black-eyed susans,
the hacienda balcony
brimming with yellow chairs,
softly rocking.

Maybe it's the easy rhythm
of earth and music,
or the empty spaces
to receive each moment.
Is there a better place to allow
the subtle rustle
of letting go?

No jagged edges,
no wrinkles in the sky,
no place to hide.